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Hib. 7. 667. 4

PENDARIQUE ELEGIE

Upon the death of the R. R. Father in God

J E R E M Y,

Late Lord Bishop of Downe,
Connor, and Dromore.

By Le. Mathews A. M. à sacr. domest.



Dublin, Printed by John Crook, Printer to the Kings
most Excellent Majesty, and are to be sold by Samuel
Dancer, Bookseller in Castlestreet, 1667.



TO THE
MEMORY

Of the most Venerable Doctor

JEREMY TAYLOR;

Lord Bishop of Downe; &c.

Stanza. I.

H Appy the man whom fate permits to stay
 In the abodes of old eternity;
 Careless what 'tis to live, and what to dye,
 Or what's a doing in mortality;
 Well satisf'd only to be,
 To dwell in an immortal raye
 Hid in the light of that long lasting day.

But

To doubt if heaven can such another land,
 Or what for us it does intend,
 For all our joys and hopes are fringed frown
 Ere since the whole Ch. arch by a catholick groan
 The Doctors gone.

III.

Open great volumn of Fame, open wide,
 Written fair and full on every side;
 To all the world his story show,
 Though all the learned world already know,
 But Fame be elegant like him,
 Be quaint, be copious, and not obscure,
 And Book unfullied be and trim;
 Have a large character; but specially be sure
 without, within
 No blot, no stain be seen,
 For this to latest ages must endure,
 A Treasurie of precious time, but grieve ye most
 For undiscover'd Arts and Sciences,
 He was the man, so pure, so innocent,
 So careless of forbidden fruit,
 Rightly supply'd with Natures own recruit,
 So masculine his soul, and so content
 To be but man; so little bent
 To vice, that you might call
 Him one not bruist by ~~advers~~ fall
 I's never but with admiration seen

His

His generous looks, his glorious mien, o T
They made me think of heaven, and of the Saints above.
So Angels live, and smile, and love;
And one might guess as soon, that they
Had ancient scores to pay,
And melt our Grandfires mouldy clay.

VII

So vast his knowledge, he
Had tasted oft of each allowed tree;
On all their sweets had daily fed
The Bird of Paradise, he kindly bred
A gaudy Dove within the Serpents head;
The Cherubs bow'd, and sheath'd their swords;
For's tongue had all the charms of words,
All that language and wit affords,
And new and fitter names, did wear;
And's lucky pen (as if a pencil, were)
Made gold, by gilding it, more golden to appear.
Ye, wisdoms Sons with him there's lost
A Vatican of learned things, which cost
A Treasury of precious time; but grieve ye most
For undiscover'd Arts and Sciences,
And what is excellent in those, or these;
What never was, what never shall be found,
With himy buried under ground.
Had he been where the Lycian ran through
Thought those two Pretars Gods in humane shape;

He

He

He scarcely could escape
 Their worship, and a canonizing Song;
 Jove for his presence, Mercury for his tongue.
 Had he been thine, fond Rome, th' hadst gloried more
 In him then all thy wondrous Saints before;
 His birth had famous been and great,
 His life a golden legend shou'd repeat;
 The Hero dead had sainted bin; and soon
 His Reliques miracles must have done,
 Whilst his the Rubrick pages did far out-shine;
 Yet though thy native, he had not been thine;
 Strong prejudice his free-born soul
 Custom and interest were never able to controule:
 Could my weak voice make Fames trump louder sound,
 I'de speak thy praise the Universe around;
 Great Saint! thy humblest votary;
 A thousand hymns I would bestow,
 Alas! ten thousand would not do:
 Too big the subject, and too strait the Poetry,
 For all that can be bravely said is due to thee.

VII

Oft have I thought, and still admir'd
 Religion's Sons in black attire;
 Black, nature mourning vails, a few
 More dismal far than cypres or the yew!
 Black! that checks the roving beams of light:
 Black! the mantle of forsaken night:
 Canonick habit of a Tragedy,
 Misfortunes drest! Deaths livery!

There was of yore (and, yet there scarce could be)

Religion's darling, an illustrious he,
 bright Saint, like thee ;
 Whose face did shine
 When thou didst preach God's Law, like thine,
 Who lighted the bewildred host
 With a dark Lanthorn, a cloud and flaming post,
 Till in Mount *Neboes* vale their guide and light they lost ;
 For some such loss as theirs or ours, I guess
 The mystick train of men profess
 An art of death, and ghostly things do talk,
 And ever since in mourning gravely walk.

VIII.

Such was the mitred man
 Our great *Diocesan*,
 Whose Crosier aw'd our murmuring land,
 As he those tribes with a miraculous Wand ;
 Whose eye not dim, but natures heat intire ;
 The sacrifice on th' altar did expire :
 His sacred seaver, his ardent love
 Heav'd him to Heaven, and to those flames above ;
Jehovah suck't, and kiss'd his soul away,
 As Rabbins of *Israels* Prophet say :
 Or as the Tishbite in his fiery coach
 Rode up toth' Gate, and Heavens bright palace did ap-
 Strange was his death, and strange his grave ! (proach :
 And our great Prophet too ascended so ;
 O had he left his mantle here below !
 A harder thing then Shaphats Son we crave,
 A double portion of thy spirit may thy Successors have.

I X.

How poor, how short a thing is all
 The time which here we living call !
 Scarce is our race begun,
 Ere half our race is run ;

The noble prize how very few have won ?
 With Tim's quick wings to death we fly
 As swiftly as the hours ; and you and I,
 Reader and all must dye.

Stay serious thought, prethee stay ;
 See how apt 'tis to flee away !

When th' undiscerned hand does snatch us hence,
 For what good deed expect we recompence ?

When we are tumbled into dust,
 What can Fame say, if it be true and just ?
 We must like common people die,
 Nothing but vulgar in our Elegie ;

There's nothing of our own

To be by future

Our memories 'mongst undistinguish'd beasts are thrown.

X.

Thy fate, blest soul, cannot be such,
 Whom none could prize, whom none could praise too much :
 My Beads Ile bid before thy venerable shrine,
 Who like the Stars, to which th' art gone, didst shine :

I fear my rhimes, my love
 So ill exprest, may libels prove ;

For what is set too high, no man can reach,
But in thy stile, none ought of thee to preach;
To read the Text again is the best gloss;
Thy glorious Works can praise thee most; thy name
Shall be preserv'd by th' spicy breath of Fame!
Support and ornament oth' Christian Cross!
The Churches Doctor! the Catholick loss!

But though the Doctors dead,
Though from the Pane the Oracle is fled,
The Temple still is hallow'd;
His sacred ashes still are there;
We humbly pay a sigh, a tear:

Rest holy clay,
Slumber till the judgement day;
Devout cinders! contrite dust!
Mild heart! free from carking rust!
Learn'd brain! eloquent tongue!
Charmes of the attentive throng!
Bright cheerful looks! which ne're
Envie or grief, anger or fear,
Though they have try'd a thousand times and more,
Could make you pale before!

Pious breaths! you'll sigh no more, but sleep:
Rest closed eyes! no more you'll weep:

Rest sacred clay,
Slumber till the judgement day

Who like the stars, to which we give
I fear my shines, my love

So in explicit, may lights prove

Thus

Thus I said, and as I said,
The awful Relick made me bow my head,
What was in life so great, is something great when dead,

XII

His soul from golden Fetters free,
Rapt to its own dear liberty,
To highest Heaven knew all the ways,
For there't had been ten thousand times in pray'r and praise,
Wrapt in a commendatory prayer,
A mouthful of articulate Air,
— Air rarified with hearty zeal
was its first vehicle;
A nimble Cherub quickly flies
From the best wardrope in the skies;
For soon the news had fill'd those starry rooms,

The Prelat comes;
The welcome guest is quickly cloath'd upon
With Albes of pure ethereal lawne;
Subtile as Angels joy, and fine
As is the breath divine:
clad in that Robe of white,
Of soft and never with'ring light,
He gently passes through
A long admiring row

Of ~~Sanctified Ghosts to martyr Charles's train~~
~~Comes Taylor, come;~~
Here's *Hammond*, there is *Sanderson*;
The lesser Angels all make room,

And

And they embrace——ill-natured men ! in vain
 Ye kept these three from the entreating Sovereign ;
 Enter bright Soul this general Convention,
 This Quire of Priests, hither's thy translation,
 Bishop Elect ! there shortly will be given
 To thee a Diocess in the large Hierarchy of Heaven.



FINIS,



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